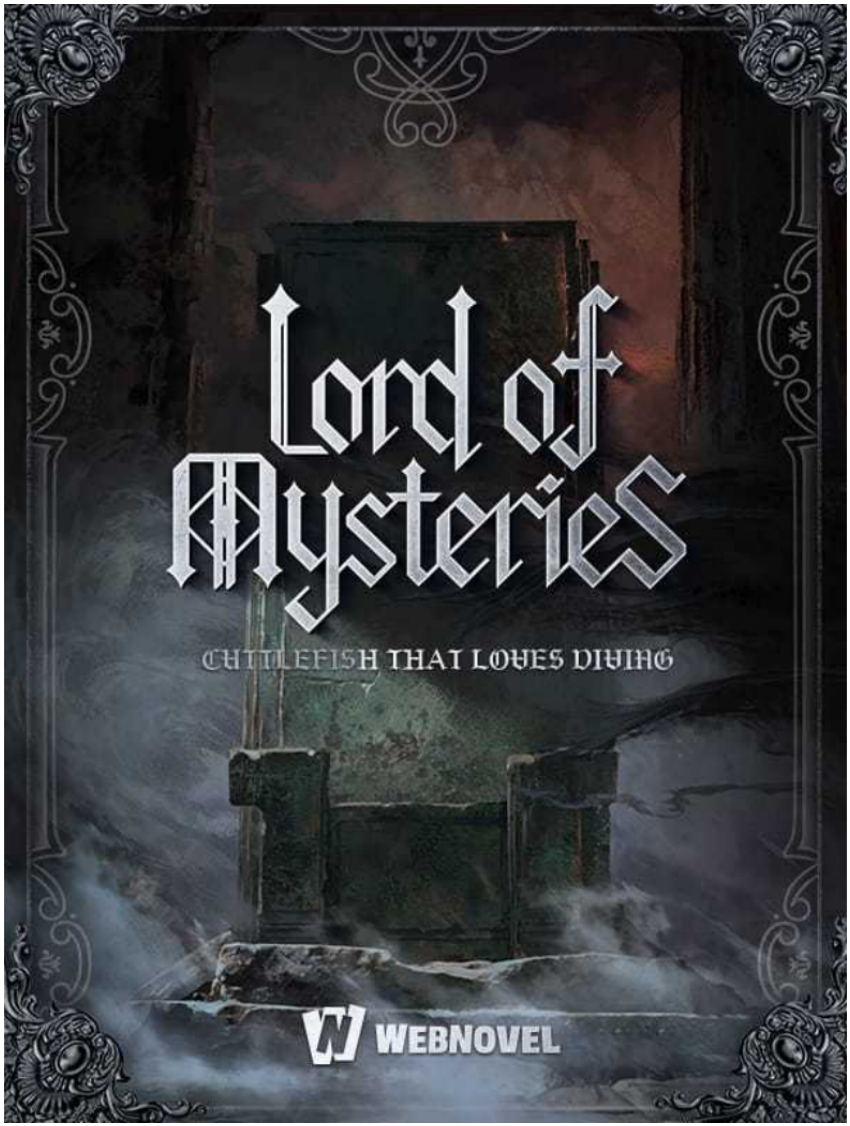
Lord of Mysteries
CUTTLEFISH THAT LOVES DIVING
WEBNOVEL

Information

Table of Contents URL: https://www.webnovel.com/pt/book/lord-of-mysteries_11022733006234505

Lord of Mysteries

Fantasia

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Chs/Semana

Esta é a taxa média de lançamentos realizados nos últimos 30 dias. O cronograma do tradutor é --Chs/Semana.

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Autor: *Cuttlefish That Loves Diving****Translator:*** *Atlas Studios****Editor:*** *Atlas Studios*
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Sinopse

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who can come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of history and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmurs into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zhou Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in an alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled with machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, difference machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Cards, Sealed Artifacts…

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone far. Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Churches of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slowly develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which is numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is the legend of "The Fool."

130: Backlund's Secret Gathering

Klein looked at Swain standing before the monster's corpse before looking sideways towards the Mandated Punisher who was helping his semi-conscious partner up by the arm. Klein suddenly felt an indescribable sadness.

It was almost impossible for members of the Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, and the Machinery Hivemind to be known as heroes. The things they did were never made known to the public but only hidden in confidential dockets. But the danger and pain they endured were ever so real.

Perhaps there would be a day when my enemy will be one of my teammates… Klein sighed silently. He felt the heavy weight that all Nighthawks, Mandated Punishers, and Machinery Hivemind carried.

At that moment, Old Neil let out a sigh.

"Let's go. Let's not disturb them."

"Okay." Klein picked up his cane. Just as he widened his stride, he suddenly noticed that Old Neil was still holding his left hand. He asked, concerned, "Are you hurt?"

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131: Transaction

Mr. A? That sounds more like a code name for a criminal rather than a powerful man of mystery. It can't be compared to The Fool at all… No, only gods or demigods can be compared to Mr. Fool… Audrey felt a sense of superiority as she thought about this.

She looked calmly at Mr. A and spoke to Fors and Xio Derecha with a hushed tone, "Are there any stories about this man?"

The hooded Viscount Glaint was equally curious.

Xio Derecha replied sternly, "There were several such incidents in the past. Sequence 8 Beyonders, some even at Sequence 7, have targeted and tried to deal with Mr. A, but they've all mysteriously disappeared."

"So he truly is a powerful Beyonder," Glaint marveled.

They walked into the room as they spoke. The guards immediately closed the door behind them.

After adjusting to the gas lamp's light in the room, Audrey saw two blackboards with several phrases written across them right in front of her.

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132: Meeting the Monster Again

She found an excuse for her maidservant to leave them alone temporarily. Audrey locked the door and looked back at her golden retriever, Susie, who she wasn't sure could still be considered as her pet.

"You heard… Uh, or came across something?"

Susie sat steadily and howled, reverberating the air around her.

"Yes, I heard the Count's discussion with a few Members of Parliament in the study. They said that the King and the Prime Minister came to a mutual agreement; they will give up their revenge plan on the Feysac Empire in Balam's East Coast for the time being. Where's Balam's East Coast?"

Susie's terrifying speed at grasping Loen made Audrey feel mixed emotions. She fell silent for a few seconds before she said, "I'll give you a map tomorrow…"

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133: Expensive Charms

Elizabeth immediately turned nervous after hearing Klein's reply. Subconsciously, she began to speak faster.

"Can you help me divine the specific reason? It will be even better if you can divine a way to solve this…"

Divination can only give us a general direction of how to solve the problem, and furthermore, it will be unclear and filled with symbolism, making it difficult to decipher the hints correctly… Of course, you're very lucky, I'm not an ordinary Seer, I'm a true mysticism scholar! Klein lampooned the girl's question before saying solemnly, "Since this matter has to do with dreams, I would suggest a similar divination method."

"Alright, alright." Elizabeth nodded her head like a hungry woodpecker.

Klein maintained his professional attitude. "I will need you to sleep here and allow that dream to present itself. Is that a problem?"

"There's no problem, I trust you," Elizabeth answered without hesitation while pursing her lips.

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134: It's Been More Than A Minute

Captain, that's the exact question I wanted you to ask! Klein nodded seriously.

"I feel even better. I even believe that I can pass the Holy Cathedral's examination right now. It's a kind of feeling and confidence that can't be described with words."

Realizing that his answer could be a little vague, he couldn't help but add, "Perhaps the name of a potion is really crucial. When I strictly followed the Seer principles that I derived and acted as a fortune-teller, everything became perfect and easy. Yes, I can now activate my Spirit Vision with an even more inconspicuous manner."

Dunn creased his eyebrows slightly as the light in his eyes converged, he muttered seemingly deep in thought,"The name of the potion…"

After about ten seconds, he looked at Klein again.

"Do you need to return and inform your family? Sunday is the second day after your duty at Chanis Gate. You're supposed to get some rest."

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135: Portrait of a Baron

"There's some sort of problem there," Klein said with a serious tone, pointing at the steps separating the living room and dining room.

He once read in the Nighthawks' confidential records that if similar situations appeared in one's spiritual perception, it usually implied that there was something evil and corrupted hidden at the target location. It was best not to interact with it if one wasn't confident; otherwise, one might lose their life. Sometimes, even a mere glance could result in irreversible damage.

Dunn looked over, and similarly, with his high spiritual perception, he immediately sensed something wrong. He turned to look at Klein and instructed calmly, "Divine and see if we would be successful in our investigation."

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136: The Stumped Klein

This can't be right… How could Mr. Azik be the first in the so-called line of barons, Baron Lamud? This is a figure who lived fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago! No way, how can I be sure that the person in the portrait is the first Baron Lamud? Klein looked at the oil painting, his mind buzzing in confusion. It was like everyone around him had become monsters or a dream where the entire world was filled with gods.

He looked up and stared at the blond middle-aged man. He extended his hand to grab his revolver from his underarm holster and said in a deep voice, "This is not an antique. If you don't clarify the situation, I will arrest you and charge you with fraud!"

He didn't care if prosecution fell under the police department. His only goal was to threaten the man to get information!

At the same time, Klein clicked his left molars twice to activate his Spirit Vision. Then, he looked at his target's emotional color changes.

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137: City of Silver

City of Silver, Mortuary.

Derrick stood in front of a flight of stairs as he looked straight ahead with reddened eyes. In front of him were two coffins containing his parents.

Embedded in a stone plate in front of him was a simple silver sword. The frequent booming of thunder caused the house to shake and the sword to sway.

The Berg couple inside the coffins weren't completely dead yet. They struggled to keep their eyes open while making weak attempts to heave for air, but in the eyes of some, the luster of their lives could no longer suppress their irreversible darkening.

"Derrick, do it!" An elder dressed in a long black robe looked at the youth and said in a deep voice with a staff in his hand. The expression of the youth was visibly contorted.

"No, no, no!" Derrick, who had brownish-yellow hair, shook his head repeatedly. He took a step back with every word, and finally let out a ear-piercing scream.

Thump!

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138: Giant Pathway

The omnipotent and omniscient God… The Lord that created everything… Klein leaned back and maintained a profound posture while he ruminated over the words that the youth from the City of Silver had said.

He was no stranger to a "Lord that created everything." The Creator mentioned in The Book of Storms, The Revelation of Evernight, and other urban myths referred to the Creator with similar titles. It was also the way various secret organizations like the Aurora Order described the True Creator.

But this was the first time Klein was hearing of an "omnipotent and omniscient God" in this world. Be it the Evernight Goddess, Lord of Storms, and the God of Steam and Machinery, none of them claimed to be omniscient or omnipotent.

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139: Studying 3-0782

After the crimson light in front of him dissipated, Derrick Berg saw his room once again. He saw the pure crystal ball in his hands.

Crack!

The crystal ball shattered from the inside. Some of it turned into pieces of illusory beams of light that flew into the void around him, while the other crystalline fragments fell noisily to the ground.

Derrick looked on, dumbfounded. He could see the traces of blood on his face reflected in the bronze mirror. He noticed a crimson light spiraling on the back of his right palm, forming a circle with lines extending out from the edge.

The strange symbol bore into the back of his palm and vanished.

Derrick fell into a daze in the time it took several flashes of lightning to illuminate the sky before snapping to his senses.

He looked at the fragments of the crystal ball on the ground, then looked at the back of his right hand as his gaze turned deeper.

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140: Expert At Courting Death

"The origins of this drop of golden liquid."

After reciting the divination statement seven times, Klein held onto the goatskin and the illusory golden liquid before leaning back in his seat.

He didn't know if he could divine with the item that was instantiated based purely on a feeling. All he could do was make bold assumptions and carefully seek confirmation.

In seconds, Klein's eyes darkened, turning from brown to black as he entered a state of Cogitation.

His eyelids drooped down and he "saw" the illusory yet blurry dream.

In the blurry world that looked in shambles, a golden, glaring sun suddenly appeared!

A low grunt resounded across the void. The pure and clean light suddenly lit everything up as the gold and burning flames swept outwards.

Boom!

Klein was instantly expelled from his dreamworld and flipped onto his side as he shivered. His body seemed to become a huge bonfire which burned with a raging flame.

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141: Nightmare

The exhausted Klein dispelled the sealed wall of spirituality, allowing the cool wind to blow onto his face. The scent of grass and trees that the wind carried revitalized him.

He rubbed the warm and classic Sealed Artifact 3-0782 with his hands and sighed to himself.

"Who would have thought that there would be a drop of god's blood in this emblem? I have to assume that the experts from the Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun must have tried searching for this item in the past, but couldn't find it…"

Klein stretched his neck. He didn't dare try anything else, keeping the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem in the inner pocket of his trench coat.

His hand followed a chain and took out a silver vine-leaf pocket watch. He opened it to see that there was still about an hour before Corpse Collector Frye's shift.

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142: Association

Klein obviously couldn't just bring up the Telepathist formula right at the start. However, he didn't hide his intention either. After all, the man opposite him was a Spectator. He wouldn't be conned so easily.

"Has Hood Eugen behaved unusually recently?" he first asked Daxter Guderian about the patient in the asylum who was a member of the Psychology Alchemists.

Daxter examined Klein's eyes, expression, and gestures. He thought and said, "No, he's acting normal. Frankly speaking, I think if he really wanted to leave the asylum, he could immediately behave in a very healthy and very normal manner. But he hasn't done so, and he continues to stay in the asylum. He appears to be treating every patient. Yes, patients who exhibit chaotic, violent, or abnormal thoughts appear to be getting better. Maybe Hood Eugen is trying to train his Beyonder powers with this method."

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143: The Fool's Real-time Translator

Klein paced around the small shooting range as he pondered over the intent of the Church of Evernight regarding the Seer pathway.

Do they not want Nighthawks to choose this pathway, or do they not want Beyonders to become powerful through this pathway? As such, they only revealed the Sequence 9 Seer which is clearly a support type? Captain also mentioned that the Holy Cathedral might have the subsequent recipes…

No, they didn't even provide the names of the potions for Sequence Numbers 8 and 7 in the confidential information that I read. They merely described the battle characteristics of each Sequence… In other words, they don't want those under them to realize that the Church might hold the actual formulas.

Is there a possibility that Nighthawks who chose this pathway could become "vengeful spirits" for the Antigonus family, and thus, the higher-ups of the Church made a decision like this? Or could there be some other reason?

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144: Three-Way Deal

Actually there were three pages, but the characters were too complicated and too difficult to memorize. My limit is only a little over two pages. I would mess up if I were to memorize more. The rest will have to wait until the next gathering… Audrey added in her head.

New pages of Roselle's diary? Klein's mind stirred. He smiled and asked in reply when he already knew the answer, "Miss Justice, what do you need?"

Audrey's eyes beamed with excitement, but she replied in a reserved manner, "You know that I'll soon fully digest the Spectator potion. I hope that I can get the formula for the Telepathist potion so that I can prepare the ingredients ahead of time. Hmm, I know that there isn't much content for two pages of the diary, and it might not equal to the value of the Telepathist formula, so I'll give you another page, hmm, I'll also pay you a sum of money on the side…"

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145: Request for Cooperation

Some pathways are interchangeable after Sequence 5? That's different from what the Nighthawks told me!

Isn't it a fact that you cannot change your pathway after you choose one? Wasn't it mentioned that diverging from your pathway would allow one to obtain strange, mysterious powers, but that person would definitely go insane and would never be able to advance?

To think that there are some hidden exceptions to this!

Klein looked at the diary, his pupils constricting.

He didn't think that Emperor Roselle would spout nonsense about something like this. After all, the surprise in his words were so real. But he didn't assume that the information Emperor Roselle had received was definitely correct. There was also a possibility that he had been lied to, or that he had misinterpreted the information.

I will need to verify this. I'll commit it to my memory first… Klein reminded himself, then thought deeply about this.

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146: Creeping Hunger

"What's so special about Qilangos's mystical item?" Audrey asked slightly confidently.

She considered it carefully and suddenly realized that she had a decent ability to locate people in Backlund.

Firstly, her father was one of the most wealthy, connected, and reputable nobles, while she was quite popular amongst the younger generation too. Hence, in the upper-middle class of the society, she had quite a few resources to take advantage of.

Secondly, the two Beyonders that she knew had their own circles as well. Apprentice Fors was originally a clinical doctor, and was now an author. She knew quite a number of people in the literary world and publishing industry, as well as among the middle-class doctors.

Arbiter Xio Derecha had helped many middle-lower class people to coordinate and mediate disputes over a long period of time. She was also quite famous in East Backlund borough among the working class and mafia. She had a lot of hidden channels.

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147: Night Visitor

In the office of the private investigator.

"Sir, your request has been completed," Detective Henry said to the gentleman in front of him with his hoarse voice. He heaved a sigh of relief. "This wasn't an easy mission, nor was it too difficult, but it used up a great deal of our resources and energy. To be honest, I'm a little regretful. I regret setting too low a price for this mission."

No, no matter what you say, I will not pay a single penny more! Klein emphasized in his heart. He pointed at the thick stack of documents on the coffee table and asked, "Is this the investigation report?"

"Yes." Henry pressed on the report that had at least sixty pages and sighed. "This is the most troublesome report that I've completed…"

He hadn't even finished his sentence when he saw Klein hand over four pounds in cash. His attention shifted to determining the authenticity of the notes.

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148: Messenger

Klein's reply made Daly chuckle. The translucent face with only a mouth said, "Even though you found inspiration through the maxim of the Mystery Pryers and confirmed your theories through my experience and performance, it only took you a month to understand the 'acting method' and come up with your own Seer principle. That shows that you possess outstanding wisdom and an open mind."

Klein didn't engage in the topic which made him guilty, but instead asked in response, "Madam, do the higher-ups in the church know about this so-called 'acting method?'"

"No doubt, they understand it very clearly. I once read through the historical information in the church and searched through stories of people ignoring the norms and advancing quickly. I realized that there were more than a few Nighthawks and bishops who have done so, I'm not the most unique one either. But their ending…" Daly intentionally paused, and she suddenly sounded heavy-hearted.

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149: Direct Hint

Klein looked at the serious Dunn Smith and smiled suddenly.

"Captain, I understood something yesterday."

"And what is that?" Dunn repeated the question in a serious tone. He leaned back and unfolded his crossed arms.

Klein recalled the script that he had prepared.

"As I was concluding my past experiences, I realized that the names of Sequence potions encompass a whole set of principles that can help us gain control over them, a set of principles that allow us to avoid the negative impacts. When we're doing things according to these set of principles, we seem to become a member of the corresponding job.

"Similarly, these sets of principles are hidden. They aren't made known to you directly. All we can do is make conclusions from the corresponding job bit by bit, then adjust our understanding based on the different feedback we receive.

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150: Azik's Discovery

2 Daffodil Street. Klein nodded at Azik and briskly walked to the door of his house, fished out his keys, and opened the door.

Melissa was already home, so she heard the click of the door lock and quickly came out of the kitchen and into the living room.

Upon seeing Klein, she said with eyes beaming with joy, "I bought groceries. There's chicken, potatoes, onions, fish, turnips, and peas. I even bought a small jar of honey."

Sis, are you also getting used to the occasional luxury? Klein chuckled.

"You'll have to prepare dinner tonight. Count me out for I'll be out of town. I might not return until dawn. Yea, I'm doing a favor for Mr. Azik, a teacher from the Khoy University's Department of History."

As he spoke, he turned sideways and pointed at the carriage that was waiting outside.

Melissa's lips opened and closed twice, before she pursed them and said, "Alright."

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151: Klein's Request

The chirping of insects and the hooting of owls reverberated along the path back to the small town. Azik looked ahead and said after a few seconds of silence, "Even though I'm not entirely sure what happened to me, I do have a rough idea.

"Perhaps—perhaps I'm someone who has lived for a very, very long time."

Mr. Azik, you have to seriously consider if you still fit the definition of "someone"… Klein thought to himself, but he didn't dare to say it out loud.

"This wilderness, this silence, often makes one weak…

"I should've paid some sort of price in exchange for this long life. I've lived since the end of the Fourth Epoch, like a wandering spirit across the continent…" Azik's voice deepened, as if he was trying to suppress his emotions. "I don't remember the past. I've forgotten about the people and things that I've sworn to remember…"

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152: Nice Attempt

The gray fog filled the air in its eternally unchanging manner as the illusory crimson stars hung around him at varying distances. Klein sat inside the lofty palace that looked like the home of a giant as he looked at the familiar sight before him.

After a few seconds, he looked away and made a yellowish-brown goatskin appear before him. Then, he lifted a pen to write his amended incantation for the summoning ritual.

"Light a candle to represent myself.

"Use a spiritual wall to create a holy environment.

"Drip a drop of Full Moon Essence Oil in the flame, Chamomile Pure Dew, Slumber Flower Powder, and other ingredients. (Note: There's no need to be too particular in this step because it's summoning oneself).

"Recite the incantation below.

"I! (In ancient Hermes, Jotun, Dragonese, or Elfish. It must be a deep shout)

"I summon in my name (Hermes),

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153: Final Act of Laying the Foundation

A unique wide jaw, his hair is in a bun like an ancient knight's, eyes that look at you with the intent of an icy smile… Xio Derecha was half slumped on the sofa as she scrutinized the portrait that Audrey had handed to her.

In her eyes, the man might as well have been a living, walking pile of money.

After committing the looks of the great pirate Qilangos to her memory, she proceeded to read the description written at the bottom of the page:

"Brown hair, dark green eyes.

"The portrait can only be used as a general reference as the target possesses the ability to transform into another person. It is unknown how long he can maintain the transformation."

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154: Sharing "Experience"

As he looked into Klein's eyes, Dunn took a deep breath and leaned back. Then, he slowly exhaled as he spoke.

"Are you certain?"

There were minor changes in his facial expression. He seemed to be well prepared for the special application, but he hadn't expected it to be so soon.

Captain, why do you look relieved… Klein didn't conceal his smile as he said, "I'm certain, Captain. When you fully master a potion, you'll feel a very special and magical sensation. You'll have no doubt that you've fully mastered the potion."

"Special, magical feeling…" Dunn muttered those words softly and his eyebrows slowly knitted together.

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155: Urgent Meeting

After collecting himself, Klein went down to the basement and walked to Chanis Gate. He knocked on the door to the guard room.

Inside, Royale Reideen had already packed her personal belongings. She immediately smoothed her hair and stood up when she saw the person taking over her shift.

After greeting each other with a nod, Klein suddenly said, "I've had some success with grasping my potion and have shared my experiences with Frye and the rest. You can ask them about it."

Royale, who typically didn't have much of an expression, looked at Klein with a little shock. Her lips quivered a little as she said, "Alright."

Madam, let's hope that you can still maintain your calm composure in a while… There are already a bunch of dazed people sitting in the recreation room right now. Klein laughed and made his way behind the table, expertly taking out the tin can which Dunn Smith used to store his Fermo coffee.

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156: Melissa Who Takes the Long View

And I'm paying double for the Clown's formula… And all this because I originally wanted to be rewarded double for the same piece of work I did. Forget it, I don't have the opportunity to mention that I already have the formula to the Clown potion. Klein took a deep breath and forced a smile, saying, "Hopefully I can pass the examination smoothly."

He was more than happy with Dunn's decision for him to continue to guard Chanis Gate. Not only was he lacking the professional ability to monitor and investigate, but his hand-to-hand combat was far from satisfactory.

In terms of shooting, he was considered decent compared to the ordinary police. However, his teammates were all Beyonders that have had their physical attributes enhanced. Even if they weren't all marksman-level, they were very close.

As for hand-to-hand combat, Klein was merely a beginner.

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157: Item of His Dreams

"No, we are not…" Klein didn't have the chance to retort before Benson interrupted with a smile. "Although Elizabeth is indeed a little young and her family is much more outstanding than ours, I find the two of you quite suitable for each other. But you might have to wait a few more years. She is still studying at a public school and wants to enter university. Marriage should be something to consider only six to seven years later. Of course, you can get engaged sooner than that."

…*Can you guys not think that far ahead?* Klein took in a deep breath.

"I do not fancy Elizabeth, or, well, more accurately, I do not fancy a girl who is younger than me by too much. I prefer girls who are more mature."

Truthfully, I can accept anyone within a reasonable age gap, just not now… He added inwardly in exasperation.

"You like girls who are more mature?" Melissa knitted her brows. "Then you should quickly settle the issue regarding your marriage."

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158: Preparedness Averts Peril

How enviable it is for Miss Justice to always maintain a cheerful mood. I wish I could be like that… Listening to her lively greetings, Klein couldn't help but sigh wistfully.

He then recalled the time when she had taken out a thousand pounds so easily, and he realized that it would be very difficult if he wanted to maintain his cheerful emotions like Miss Justice.

The Sun, Derrick Berg, was a young man that cared a lot about his reputation. He immediately replied, "I have obtained the Telepathist formula."

For the past week, he had been settling the inheritance that his parents had left him. Besides the property, furniture, and a few sentimental items, the rest of the valuable items were brought to the black market in the City of Silver in exchange for the Telepathist formula and the Bard potion's ingredients. His meals were now rationed.

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159: Bestowment and Sacrifice

Messy Chinese sentences were scribbled on the yellowish-brown goatskin.

"2nd August. This goes deeper than I imagined. History sure is something that can be manipulated easily.

"5th August. I witnessed the abilities of a High-Sequence Beyonder today. It was scary indeed. There's a qualitative change that has happened to them in a particular aspect, it was as though they've transformed into a deity. It's no wonder that we describe them as 'Demigods', though I think calling them 'Legendary beings' is more fitting.

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160: Seizing the Opportunity

Tuesday morning.

Having completed his mysticism curriculum, Klein didn't look for a quiet corner to read "Comparison of Ancient and Modern Names" or "Nighthawks Case Compendium," and instead stayed in the break room to play cards with Leonard, Kenley, and Royale.

I only told Mr. Azik to create an opportunity for me to take Sealed Artifact 3-0782 out… It'll still depend on my improvisation skills to seize the opportunity… Klein's mind wasn't on his cards, so he played terribly. He lost five soli in an hour, and he felt the pinch. He planned to concentrate on the game to recover some of his cash.

After he bought various ingredients for the Flaring Sun Charms yesterday afternoon, his private stash of cash reduced to less than one pound once again. Plus, he had to pay two soli every day for the carriage rental fees to search for the house with the red chimney.

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161: Inverted Mausoleum

Most of the buildings in Morse Town adhered to a style that was popular a hundred years ago. The most eye-catching building in the town was the black cathedral spire.

After settling the carriage, Klein and the others quickly finished their lunch of bread, toast, bacon, butter, and coffee.

"We can still tolerate about two hours and thirty-five minutes of Sealed Artifact 3-0782's purification." Kenley stood at the door of the church and took out a pocket watch from his suit's pocket. "I suggest dealing with the suspected haunting incidents first to prevent the situation from getting worse. Then we can return to the church and take turns watching over the Sealed Artifact to recover."

Under normal circumstances, Sequence 9, 8, and 7 Beyonders had to stay far away from the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem for two hours to recover completely, or at least an hour if they were to make a partial recovery.

"Alright."

"I have no objections."

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162: Intense Sunlight

Weak light shone through the narrow window from high above, making the interior of Morse Cathedral a little more visible.

Klein put his top hat on his knee while he leaned his leg against his cane. He sat quietly on the first row of the left pew and looked at the altar before him.

There weren't any statues of the Goddess except for a massive Dark Sacred Emblem. Its base was black, with a crimson half-moon that was surrounded by radiant points of light.

On the wall behind the Sacred Emblem, there were a few openings which allowed sunlight to shine in from the outside. They were focused into tiny specks of pure light which combined with the dark surroundings to form a scene that resembled that of a lofty cosmos.

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163: Various Signs

What? Klein was left dumbfounded when he heard Rozanne's question. He recalled in his daze, "I previously visited Old Neil's place just last month. I saw a piano in the living room and he told me that his deceased wife loved music…"

As he spoke, Klein suddenly became alarmed as he began having unpleasant thoughts.

Rozanne knitted her beautiful brows and said with uncertainty, "Perhaps I remembered wrong… No, Mrs. Orianna and I frequented Old Neil's place during the earlier half of the year. There was no piano in his living room back then. I clearly remember asking him why he chose to remain single. His answer was that he hasn't met a lady that he wished to marry…"

There was no piano during the earlier half of the year, and he answered the question of why he chose to remain single… Klein tightened up and asked in a deep voice, "Rozanne, how long has it been since you visited Old Neil's place?"

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164: Miserable Wretches

The color of fresh blood was reflected in Klein's eyes as they intently locked onto the flowing liquid.

Just then, there was a light cough from within the house. Old Neil spoke with a raspy voice, "Dunn, why are you here?"

Dunn's gray eyes were extremely deep. His mellow voice replied calmly, "I heard that you're sick, so we came to visit."

There was a sudden silence in the house. A few seconds later, Old Neil roared in anger and terror, "No! You're lying!"

Without waiting for Klein and company to say a word, his tone suddenly became weak.

"Yes, I know my condition isn't quite right."

Old Neil… Klein closed his eyes, but the bloody liquid that was seeping through the gap of the door didn't cease.

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165: Epitaph

"We are guardians, but also a bunch of miserable wretches that are constantly fighting against threats and madness."

Dunn's words echoed throughout Old Neil's house. They reverberated across the corroded floor, the walls, and ceiling, as well as within Klein's mind and soul.

He'd never had a stronger impression of that sentence than the one he had now.

He felt that he wouldn't forget this feeling for as long as he lived, even if he were to return to Earth.

Amidst the still atmosphere, Dunn walked towards Old Neil's "corpse" and kneeled down. He took out a white handkerchief from the pocket of his trench coat and covered it over the dark red, crystalline eyeball which looked pained.

At this moment, Klein noticed that the keys of the piano had stopped moving. A faint, translucent figure appeared.

This… Klein, who had activated his Spirit Vision before entering the house, froze.

He hadn't noticed this strange "soul" until now!

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166: Examination

There was a cold breeze blowing from the basement, providing a hint of relief for Klein's tense emotions.

It's finally here.

Once I pass this stage, I won't have to worry about being examined like this for at least half a year…

Once I advance to Sequence 8 and become a so-called "Clown," I'll possess actual combat strength. With the aid of divination and my Flaring Sun Charms for backup, I'll have a chance of surviving even more relatively dangerous situations…

Since I was waiting for the Holy Cathedral's examination, I haven't even dared to withdraw the three hundred pounds that Miss Justice transferred to the anonymous account. Just in case they audit my financial situation and find out that I'm in possession of a large sum of money from an unknown source…

…

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167: Holy Artifact

"Alright." Crestet Cesimir nodded. He leaned forward. "Then swear upon the Holy Artifact."

As he was saying this, he bent down to lift the silver suitcase by his foot.

Holy Artifact? The Holy Artifact that earned you the title of the Goddess's Sword? Klein looked at the actions of the deacon curiously.

Crestet placed the suitcase on his knees, his dark green eyes instantly turning black.

He lifted his hand then pressed down. The cover of the silver suitcase which resembled a violin case suddenly dissolved and receded like the tide.

At the same time, Klein felt that the light around him was being drawn forward as if it was being absorbed by the suitcase.

Apart from the lights from the classic lamps that lined the walls, as well as the silver splendor that spiraled within the suitcase, the alchemy room turned pitch dark. The scene looked extremely strange.

Pa!

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168: Clown Potion

Phew, I finally passed… I passed it just like that…

When Klein heard Crestet Cesimir's announcement, he let out a breath of relief despite being mentally prepared for it. It felt surreal, as though it was a dream.

He had assumed that the examination would be tougher and lengthier, but when he thought carefully about it, he realized that what had just happened was what should've happened. If he had taken the normal three years to digest the Seer potion instead of doing it in a month, the examination wouldn't have even been conducted by the Holy Cathedral. The Tingen Nighthawks' captain would've been responsible for it instead.

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169: New Abilities

After the color in Klein's eyes went back to normal, Crestet Cesimir said with a laugh, "You can move about and try to get used to the changes in your body. Try to find the core powers that were given to you by the Clown potion."

Klein nodded. He considered the fact that he might need guidance from the deacon and thus didn't care about his presence. He repeatedly followed what he had been practicing all this time as he took a step forward. He twisted his hips and threw a punch forward, launching a frontal jab.

Pa!

He heard the crisp sound of his fist breaking the air. The power in the forward thrust exceeded his expectations.

In that instant, he felt as though he was sitting in a carriage which had abruptly hit the brakes. He lost his balance and fell forward.

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170: Copper Whistle

Klein turned towards the Captain's office and saw that the door was wide open. Dunn Smith was leaning back in his chair, sniffing at his pipe.

When Dunn swept his gray eyes at him, he changed his seating posture.

"You seem to be in good shape, nothing like someone who had just consumed a potion."

"This might be the advantage of fully digesting a potion before leveling up." Klein closed the door behind him and took a seat.

He and Dunn both knew about the "acting method," so their oath didn't keep them from talking about the "acting method" with each other. They could exchange their thoughts about it, but the two of them didn't bring it up with a tacit understanding. They fell silent at the same time after the exchange.

Klein thought and asked, "Has His Grace left?"

"Yes, as a high-ranking deacon, he has other matters to take care of." Dunn thought for a moment. "Oh, he took the pair of red eyeballs that remained after Old Neil died."

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171: Promotion and Pay Raise

After leaving Azik's house, Klein took a public carriage back to Daffodil Street.

As he opened the door to his house, he suddenly saw a figure sitting in his dining room.

Klein instinctively tightened his grip on the cane in his hand, but quickly realized what was going on. It wasn't a thief, but his maid, Bella.

Bella was focused on reading a spread-out newspaper on the table. She jumped in shock when she heard the door open, quickly standing up and stammering, "I-I was just done with the tasks for the morning. I was w-waiting for the water to boil so that I could eat some bread."

I'm still not really used to having a maid in the house… Klein mocked himself. He took off his hat and nodded.

"Reading is a good habit. To be able to persist in reading, despite the busy workload, is something that's encouraged by the Goddess."

He used the name of the Goddess just in case Bella took his compliment as sarcasm.

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172: "Autopsy"

"How long has the Member of Parliament been dead for?" Klein asked straightforwardly as he packed up his things.

If it was more than fifteen minutes, the information that he could obtain would decline considerably. If it was more than an hour, there would be very little left to find.

If it was more than a month, contact with the spirit of the dead would most likely fail.

"Regrettably, the initial autopsy report shows that Mr. Maynard died between nine and eleven last night." Dunn shook his head and said, "You only need to provide assistance and not consider if you can be of use."

"Alright." Klein took his coat and walked out of the duty room with his hat and cane in hand. Dunn Smith took his place at the Chanis Gate guardroom.

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173: Zombiefication

Before Klein could come up with any new ideas, he saw the rigid Maynard lift both his hands up. Its body lunged forward to his left amidst the sound of hurtling wind!

In the past, his dulled reactions under such sudden, unexpected situations would've made it hard for him to avoid this. Even if he had noticed the attack ahead of time, he would have had to roll away to avoid the fast-moving corpse.

But now, Klein could nearly react on instinct. He stomped down with his bright, buttonless leather boots and jumped diagonally onto the high-back chair.

As it had only been a day since he advanced, he was still getting used to his power, agility, and speed. He had accidentally leaped too high into the air and landed on the top of the chair's high-back!

It was a narrow edge. Klein's heart tightened as he quickly controlled his body and adjusted his center of gravity.

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174: Madam Sharon

"What?" The bearlike Tolle jumped in shock and looked at Klein before looking into the room. With agility that wasn't suited to his body, he dashed in.

He pulled back the white cloth that covered the corpse and after examining the body carefully, he heaved a breath of relief.

"It's better than I imagined. It's not that serious a problem."

Maybe I should've drawn my revolver and shot Maynard five times with demon hunting bullets. Let's see if you find that serious or not… Klein lampooned inwardly and pointed outside the door.

"That's all that you need me for, right?"

"No!" Tolle shouted. "Wait a moment."

Klein asked, puzzled, "Why?"

Tolle explained seriously, "We have to prevent any accidents from happening. After we talk to Madam Sharon and get her testimony, I'll send you back to Zouteland Street."

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175: Deduction

Lanevus? That criminal who cheated both money and sex? To think that he had a connection to Hood Eugen from the Psychology Alchemists… Klein froze for a moment when he heard the name. He immediately thought about the implications the name "Lanevus" had.

He's the cheat that escaped with more than 10,000 pounds!

Just a providing a clue would earn me 10 pounds. And if I help in capturing this moving treasury, I'll earn 100 pounds!

He's a scum that took advantage of the bodies and feelings of innocent women!

To think that he knows Hood Eugen and went to visit him three times at the mental asylum. Does this mean that he's connected to the Beyonder circle, or that he's a Beyonder himself? Klein suddenly recalled the name of a potion: the Marauder pathway Sequence 8—Swindler!

These Beyonders took pleasure in swindling others!

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176: Letter

For Klein, setting up a simple ritual was as easy as breathing. Very soon, he was done preparing the ingredients, and he lit up the candle that represented himself.

Looking at the flickering candlelight on the desk, Klein had an amusing thought for some baffling reason.

Would this be considered holding a candlelight vigil in memory of myself?

*F**k, what the hell am I thinking!?*

…

He reined back his thoughts and picked up the Black Rotten Flower powder that belonged to the domain of Death and sprinkled it onto the candle. In return, he caught a whiff of a smell that was akin to formaldehyde from his previous life.

Immediately after that, he dripped Full Moon Essence Oil, a favored item of the Evernight.

Amidst a sizzling crackle, his surroundings suddenly became quiet, and there was a shapeless, magical surge.

Klein took a step back and softly recited in ancient Hermes, "I!"

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177: Sudden Turn of Events

Audrey stopped writing after she finished sharing some interesting news and scandals about aristocrats. She then adopted a serious pose as she recalled something.

With her exceptional memory as a Spectator, she arranged the information that she had received from her father's teachings, as well as the news she heard during banquets and salons into paragraphs.

After creating a draft in her head, Audrey penned, "As for the political situation in Backlund you asked about, it's not within my area of interest. I can describe it to you only based on my own impressions and the details that I happen to know.

"Some time ago, Father told me that after the abolishment of the Grain Act, the prices of crops were declining rapidly. The rent of farmland and pastures were also plunging, but I don't know the exact magnitude. I can only explain it to you with this example.

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178: The Subsequent Ideas

"Call the police?" Fors Wall repeated in surprise.

To Beyonders, lodging a police report seemed to be something of another world.

Xio paced back and forth as she tugged her coarse blonde hair.

"The scene of Darkholme's death is harrowing and creepy. As long as the police aren't blind, they would definitely pass the case on to the Mandated Punishers, the Nighthawks, the Machinery Hivemind, or the special department of the military. When that happens, we can leak some more information and let them know that the murderer is Qilangos. At that point, the entire city will be chasing after him.

"Our goal is only to look for Qilangos, not to capture him. With the 'help' of so many Beyonders, things would become much simpler and safer. Once Qilangos panics and makes a mistake, it would be our chance to claim our bounty. Heh heh, I'm referring to the discovery of his whereabouts."

Xio laughed dryly and looked at the appalled Fors.

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179: Praising Mr. Fool

Alger heaved a sigh of relief when he heard The Fool's answer. He lowered his head and humbly said, "Please allow me to thank you in advance."

That's because I'm also curious… curious about the item Qilangos is searching for. I want to know about the item that can allow a Sequence 6 Wind-blessed to have the strength of a Sequence 4… I'm also curious about what a pirate admiral is going to do in Backlund… Klein smiled, maintaining his profound posture.

It's not like I've promised to provide assistance after I hear your prayers! He emphasized in his heart.

But now, he was a lot more confident than before. Now, he had actual allies and the mysterious Mr. Azik who was currently in Backlund.

If it was absolutely necessary, Klein was willing to use the copper whistle to enlist the help of Azik. Of course, he definitely wouldn't mention the Tarot Club. He would probably say he got information from some random source.

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180: A Smart Person Always Overthinks

Upon hearing The Fool's question, Audrey perked up her ears and entered her Spectator state. She waited for The Sun to answer.

She had always been curious about where the City of Silver was and what was so special about that place, but she couldn't bring herself to ask. It touched upon his privacy after all.

At that moment, Mr. Fool was asking personally. It was like finishing the first volume of an outstanding detective novel she had been reading for a long time, and she finally had the chance to buy the next volume!

The Sun's answer didn't disappoint her. They didn't believe in the mainstream seven orthodox deities, nor did they believe in Death as the Southern Continent did. They also didn't believe in the hidden existences, evil gods or devils—Primordial Demoness, Hidden Sage, Dark Side of the Universe, Chained God, or the True Creator—which The Hanged Man had told her before.

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181: Different State

Klein didn't hurry to dispel the wall of spirituality when he returned to his room. Instead, he expertly took out a candle infused with sandalwood and placed it in the middle of his desk.

He then followed the steps for the ritual, lighting up the candle with his spirituality and scattering essences, extract, and herb powder herbs symbolizing good luck and mystery. He saw the flame alternate between being dull and bright as he took in the fragrance of peace and harmony.

Klein took two steps back and looked at the candle on the table. He then shouted in the language of the giants, "I!"

After a pause, he switched to Hermes, "I summon in my name:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

At that moment, the flickering flame fused itself with the harmonious scent to form an illusory vortex, a vortex that manically absorbed the spirituality.

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182: Wanderer Klein

The weather in Tingen turned from refreshing cool to a bitingly chill in early September. However, the sunlight at three or four in the afternoon was still warm and soothing.

Klein went through the wall of spirituality and the oriel window. He floated in the air outside of his bedroom as he overlooked the people and carriages shuttling to and fro Daffodil Street.

Just then, there was a man in a gray labor uniform who suddenly lifted his head and looked over.

Klein panicked and wanted to hide, but he couldn't find any suitable cover.

When he didn't see anything to hide behind, he started to sneak back into his house. However, from the corner of his eye, he saw the man earlier merely glanced over the window. Then, his gaze followed a flying sparrow, but unfortunately, he lost sight of it.

In Tingen, birds could occasionally be seen.

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183: A Lesson on Mediumship

After dinner, Klein engaged in small talk before reclining on the sofa. He picked up the recently delivered Awwa Evening News and started leisurely reading.

Benson wore a bitter expression as he sat opposite his sister. In front of him was the dining table which had been wiped clean by Bella. On it was grammar books, classic literature, accountancy notes, and other materials. In front of Melissa were her notes and stationery, including but not limited to pens, paper, rulers, compasses, etc.

"It's like I've been taken some ten years back. Back then, I was still a student at the Church's Sunday school," Benson complained, but he continued to study with his head down.

That's not too bad. This scene makes me feel the achievement of being a parent… Klein smiled and said, "Knowledge can change one's destiny, and diligence will result in glory."

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184: Behind the Gate

"Please come in," Dunn Smith said with a mellow and pleasant voice.

Klein turned the doorknob and pushed open the door to see the Captain having his breakfast. In his right hand was a cup of coffee emitting a rich aroma. On the plate in front of him, there was white bread toast and bacon.

Dunn placed the remaining sandwiched toast with butter into his mouth and ate it. He then silently pointed to the chair opposite his desk.

Klein didn't disturb his Captain from enjoying his breakfast. With a smile, he sat down as he waited patiently.

Dunn saw that he was in no hurry, so he relaxed back into his chair, picked up his coffee to take a sip, and swallowed the food in his mouth.

He took a napkin, wiped the corners of his lips and said, "What's the matter?"

Klein nodded seriously and said, "I've met Daxter Guderian, the doctor at the asylum and also member of the Psychology Alchemists."

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185: Spiritual World

Waiting for cake? That really wasn't an answer that I was expecting… Of course, if I was able to anticipate the answer of a mental patient, wouldn't that mean that I was almost there myself… The thought flashed through Klein's mind. He maintained his relaxed smile as if he was chatting with a friend.

"Who's going to send you a cake?"

Hood Eugen's expression fell instantly, his face long and depressed.

"No, there's no cake… There's no cake!

"You stole my cake!"

His voice suddenly became shrill as he glared angrily at Klein.

Without waiting for Klein to speak, he let out a shout and opened his mouth, revealing two rows of white teeth.

Following which, he leaped from his mattress while salivating. He closed in on Klein with one step and extended his hands, attempting to grab onto Klein's shoulders. He wanted to drag Klein towards him and bite him.

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186: The Handsome Captain

Countless rays of brilliance drowned Klein as ravings of a million people filled his ears. However, Klein thought nothing of it. His abilities as a Clown told him that his spirit was being engulfed by a black shadow that was rapidly expanding.

The black shadow was a huge cross, and there seemed to be a person hanging upside down on it!

Kacha!

The chaotic tornado of thoughts unleashed its load outwards and turned uniform. Hood Eugen's spiritual world disintegrated bit by bit.

Klein noticed that he had exceeded his fastest flying speed from his previous trial; his soul had become significantly stronger after he briefly mixed with some of the strength from the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Just as the cross's shadow was about to engulf him entirely, he dashed out of the blurry "world" and felt his body.

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187: Azik's Warning

The actions of the messenger shocked Klein for a full five seconds before he recovered. He bent over and picked up the letter.

"Even if Mr. Azik is unable to use a good portion of his abilities as a Beyonder, because of his memory loss, being able to send out such a messenger should make him powerful enough to deal with a Sequence 7 or 6 Beyonder." His heart reflected his shocked and envious expression. He didn't unfold the letter immediately. Instead, he placed the letter into his pocket, together with the Slumber Charms.

The carriage continued forward. When Klein exited the carriage at Daffodil Street, he instinctively looked at the driver, Cesare, only to see his relaxed smile, as if he hadn't noticed anything unusual that had happened.

Klein nodded and returned home after observing Cesare with his Spirit Vision.

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188: Ball

Sharp nose, thin eyebrows, slightly droopy cheeks, faint blue eyes… Qilangos examined himself in the mirror. He was certain that he looked no different from the unconscious man.

After he rehearsed a few of the man's gestures, he bent down to drag the man off the ground and shoved him into a wardrobe.

Then, he extended his right hand. With an audible snap, he broke the man's neck.

Qilangos took out his handkerchief and wiped his hands before closing the wardrobe door.

He slowly walked back to the mirror, wore a black double-breasted frock coat, tied a bowtie, and raised a bottle of amber-colored cologne. He dripped a few drops on his wrist, then dabbed them over himself.

Qilangos tidied his hair in front of the mirror, then walked out of the room. He clasped his hands and told his butler who was waiting outside, "Don't let anyone enter my room; I'm keeping something very important in there."

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189: Prayers and Replies

Tingen City, Daffodil Street.

Klein was discussing the latest play with Benson and Melissa and was inviting them to watch it at the theater next weekend.

"I think the newspapers have said enough about it. 'The Return of the Count' is definitely a play that's worth watching. It's already been performed more than ten times in Backlund, and it sold out each time. I think that we shouldn't miss this opportunity." Klein, who had lacked sources of entertainment, was unwilling to give up. After all, he had been an ardent follower of television shows back on Earth.

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190: The Assortment of Abilities

In Duke Negan's mansion, in the dancing hall.

Disguised as Baron Gramir, Qilangos held a glass of blood-red Aurmir grape wine and casually stood behind the railing on the winding corridor on the second floor. He overlooked the people on the dance floor and enjoyed the view of the glamorously dressed ladies.

However, there was no lust in his eyes; they were as calm as a frozen lake. From the corner of his eyes, he stole glances at the hanging chandelier and the nearby Duke Negan who was looking at the beautiful figures passing by.

The Duke was wearing a well-ironed navy uniform with red ribbons attached to the medals on his shoulders. He preferred to wear his military uniform on formal occasions, in remembrance of his decades of illustrious service while in the military.

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191: Unclear Motives

Qilangos lost his pursuers with the help of the wind after crossing a man-made lake.

He surveyed his surroundings, intending to create the illusion that he had entered a ditch to escape into the Tussock River before turning to the financial center of Backlund, the Hillston Borough.

At that moment, his field of vision suddenly blurred. He saw the colors around him saturate in the darkness.

The green trees became greener, their red fruits even redder. The dark blackness of the water became darker. Everything appeared to be splashed with pastel paint.

Under the sky where the crimson moon was obscured, there were many indescribable, transparent figures, as well as different lustrous splendors that contained mysterious knowledge.

Qilangos found himself coming to a halt as he floated in midair. Beneath his feet, dark water continually rose towards him. Under the water were pale white palms, reaching out for him.

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192: Attention

Audrey analyzed many things at once as her mind whirled.

Mr. Hanged Man said that Qilangos was a lone wolf who doesn't trust anyone. Only he would know of his own plan. Other than my early discovery of him, there shouldn't have been anyone else who knew he would attempt the assassination tonight…

I only told Father and Mr. Fool that I suspected that Qilangos was disguised as Baron Gramir…

Although there's a telegram cable in Duke Negan's mansion and he would've been able to send out information in time to ask for help, there's no reason to hide that… Dad's puzzlement implies that the powerful being that killed Qilangos wasn't within their expectations…

Combining all of the above, I can almost be certain that the person who killed Qilangos was Mr. Fool's Blessed!

Plus, only the unique model of the Tarot Club can create such a strange situation with unclear motives!

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193: Coming To A Close

The article covering what happened to Qilangos wasn't long, and all it stated was the time, place, people involved, and the outcome. As the saying goes, the more succinct the content, the more serious the situation.

Something that happened in Backlund at eight or nine last night is already being reported in Tingen City this morning. The spread of information in this world isn't too slow due to the exceptional contributions of Emperor Roselle. It must've been one of the nobles or ministers who attended the ball who leaked this information to some reporter, then that reporter used the telegraph to send this sensational news to the news companies in various counties…

The morning papers are usually drafted at night and printed after midnight before being distributed in the morning. There was just enough time to make changes and publish this article…

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194: Infiltration

"Madam Sharon?" Dunn obviously knew of Baron Khoy's widow, a famous socialite in Tingen.

Maynard's wife turned her head to shoot a glance at the scrawny lady who came with her to the Blackthorn Security Company, but she didn't speak for herself.

The scrawny lady in the black dress and hat weighed her words before she spoke.

"Yes, Madam Sharon, the wife of the deceased Baron Khoy. She, she…"

She stammered, then suddenly spat in anger, "She's a b*tch!"

Upon hearing her curse, Klein suddenly recalled the porno that he had seen and Madam Sharon's behavior which appeared nervous on the surface but was calm deep down. That made him believe the rumors about her, and he felt sorry for the deceased old baron.

It's not like Madam Sharon can't remarry. But her loose behavior… really makes the old baron's grave a perfect nesting ground for cuckoos…

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195: "Lockpicking Expert" Klein

A few seconds later, Klein activated his Spirit Vision and surveyed the room, only to find how extravagantly decorated Madam Sharon's room was.

In a spacious area with a cloakroom that was ajar, there was a thick carpet, a blanket made with goose feathers, a makeup table strewn with skin care products and cosmetics, a dazzling array of jewelry, thin clothing and socks thrown over the rocking chair, and multiple decorative items adorned with gold silk. All of these entered Klein's field of vision.

What attracted Klein's attention the most was an unfinished oil painting. On the painting was the naked figure of Madam Sharon herself—her brown hair like a waterfall, her eyes like an innocent deer's, pure and limpid. But her curved eyebrows, sharp nose, and tender lips accentuated her form as a mature female. The two qualities fused together despite the contradiction, releasing an alarming temptation.

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196: Spirit Medium Mirror

Klein rushed out of the heavy safe in retreat. Only when he realized that everything seemed fine did he calm down.

That white bone statue is creepy… Although it isn't dangerous, it gives me the creeps… Could it be the so-called Primordial Demoness? An evil god like the Hidden Sage, the Dark Side of the Universe, or the True Creator? Klein recalled his hunches about Madam Sharon, and he suddenly understood what existence the white bone statue might represent.

Just as he thought, his spirituality stirred as an ominous premonition gripped him.

Klein quickly flew next to the window with complicated patterns and looked at the road outside. He saw a carriage driving towards the front gate under the light of the gas street lamps.

Madam Sharon is back? There was a tug at his heartstrings as he finally understood the source of his ominous premonition.

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197: Operation

There's danger in there. Not very high, but it isn't very low either…

This means that Madam Sharon is still in the building. She hasn't fled yet…

Klein froze for a moment, quickly realizing the reason.

He had entered a unique state by summoning himself to inspect the safe. He hadn't forcefully broken the lock when he was inspecting the secret compartment, nor did he activate any hidden traps. Thus, Madam Sharon wouldn't have discovered that her secret had been exposed. She would only think that there was a break in, or some private investigator was checking on her to no avail.

In such a situation, it was logical that she would continue to stay home. It made logical sense.

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198: Appropriating Uniqueness

The silver charm suddenly turned ice-cold, just like a crystal coat with layers of frost.

Klein shivered and suddenly became more alert, his fear and agitation temporarily froze.

He quickly injected his spirituality into the charm and pushed the thin silver piece out of his pocket with his fingertip, causing it to drop to his feet.

A crimson flame appeared in the air, and the sound of light, continuous explosions echoed in the room.

A serene and deep feeling instantly emanated and engulfed most of the bedroom, including Madam Sharon, Sleepless Kenley, and also Klein himself!

The Slumber Charm was an item that didn't distinguish between the enemy and the caster. In most situations, using it meant throwing it at the enemy.

That way, the caster would only be affected by the remnant shock waves, but not to the extent of failing to resist the temptation of falling into a deep sleep.

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199: Successful Toss of the Die

The beating heart, the yellowish-green liquid, the silently burning black flames, and the falling figure entered Klein's field of vision and etched themselves deeply into Klein's mind.

The most dangerous mission he had encountered up to this date had been when he was dealing with Ray Bieber who was in the midst of digesting. Even such a terrifying and dangerous monster had only resulted in severe injuries to the Beyonders on the mission. No one had to sacrifice their lives.

The deaths of the Beyonders Klein had witnessed, including Old Neil's, were all due to them losing control. The "murderer" might be strange and indescribable or related to evil gods, but they had nothing to do with the missions they undertook.

Now, he was looking at one of his partners being killed in action. The death was purely due to one mistake.

Nighthawks were fighting against madness, but so were they also fighting against danger.

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200: The Demoness of Pleasure

Synonym of war… A similar Sequence as the Demoness Sequence pathway… Which one would it be? Klein watched the movie-like scene as he recalled the Sequence pathways that he knew of.

As he was only an official Nighthawk, there was still a lot of information that he couldn't access. He was still in the dark about the names of the Mid to High Sequences and their corresponding traits. He only knew about the few that he had learned of from the Eternal Blazing Sun, such as the Priest of Light and the Unshadowed; the God of Combat Sequence pathway that he found out from the young man, Sun, such as Dawn Paladin, Guardian, and Demon Hunter; as well as Spirit Guide and Gatekeeper which he found out from Daly and Dunn.

Hence, it was difficult for him to judge which Sequence pathway would be a synonym of war. He could only eliminate them one by one, such as the God of Combat Sequence pathway which seemed more like individual battles rather than war.

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201: Inquiry

Klein held his breath with his back against the wall as he faced the darkness of the corridor.

What's Captain doing? What's wrong with him? Was he drinking blood? Is this a sign of him losing control? Klein's mind was a mess, incapable of effective thought.

Nearly twenty seconds later, Klein clenched his teeth. With the help of the control he had over his body as a Clown, he silently made his way down the stairs.

Later, he then intentionally took heavier footsteps and made his way back to the door of Madam Sharon's bedroom.

Klein looked in to see the Captain wrapping Sealed Artifact 3-0271 with the black cloth. His expression was serious, his face clean.

It was as though what Klein had seen just now was only an illusion.

Glancing sideways, Klein saw nothing abnormal with Kenley's body. It was the same as it had been.

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202: Confirming the Situation

After folding the letter, Klein took out the copper whistle, put it to his lips, and blew hard.

In the silence, illusory white bones came flying up from the desk like a fountain and finally formed a huge monster. It was almost four meters tall, still covered in a faint glow. Its head was still poking through the ceiling, looking no different from before.

Klein flicked his wrist and threw the letter. The white bone monster caught the letter and gripped it tight

Klein blew the copper whistle again and saw the messenger break into illusory white bones and fall like rain before vanishing through the surface of the desk.

Klein felt much calmer after finishing everything, but he didn't stop trying. He moved the chair back and stood up. He then walked four steps counterclockwise and entered the world above the gray fog.

The lofty palace and the ancient mottled table appeared before his eyes, as though it would stay the same for tens of thousand of years.

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203: Mutant

Klein opened the letter, feeling both expectant and nervous before he began reading Azik's reply.

"…I thought about a few possibilities regarding the scenario you described, and I remembered a few things about Vampires and Mutants.

"Natural vampires were already on the brink of extinction before the dragons and giants bowed out of the stage of world history. Later on, they might occasionally be discovered. The Vampires we usually talk about, as well as those mentioned in folklore, are more similar to Beyonders. I recall that the name of a potion in a particular pathway is called Vampire.

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204: Visitor

Klein and Leonard lifted their gaze from the letter and exchanged glances. They muttered, "He's crazy, right?"

"Lanevus is secretly a lunatic?"

A lunatic who truly has a delusional disorder and an antisocial personality… Klein thought and felt a tug at his heartstrings. He quickly redirected his gaze to the letter.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the hint is that I've placed a bomb in Tingen, a bomb that will grow stronger over time.

"Seek it and finish it before it explodes. If you lose the game, there will be a boom, and the entire city of Tingen will be reduced to a ruin. Trust me, I'm not lying at all about this.

"—Lanevus, who enjoys giving his friends pleasant surprises."

"A bomb?" Klein looked at Leonard and muttered to himself, perplexed.

Leonard held the letter up to the sunlight and looked as he flipped it around. He didn't find any other clues.

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205: Urgent Arrangement

Klein instinctively reached for his pockets. He held the Flaring Sun Charm in one hand and Azik's copper whistle in the other.

He acutely noticed that the cold, gentle Beyonder feedback of the latter had vanished as if it was being suppressed by an invisible power. However, the former was still warm and comforting.

Making use of this comforting feeling, Klein entered a half Cogitation state. He blocked out his feelings of worry and didn't leave anything to chance.

He turned and shot a look at Leonard Mitchell, then tipped his chin toward Megose.

He then controlled his expression with his Clown abilities and smiled at Megose.

"Do you want coffee, black tea, or nothing at all?"

Megose stroked her stomach as if she was listening to something.

"A cup of warm water. I suddenly thought of chatting with you guys about Lanevus. I have the feeling that you know a lot."

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206: Grade 2 Sealed Artifacts

In the corridor within the deep and serene basement, the nearly four-meter-tall bone messenger disappeared before Klein's eyes after taking the letter.

When all that was left of the surroundings were the classic gas lamps embedded in the walls, he put away Azik's copper whistle and walked towards Chanis Gate.

As he was writing the letter, he had already decided on which Sealed Artifact to pick.

Firstly, it would be almost impossible for the Grade 3 three Sealed Artifacts to have any effect on the baby in Megose's stomach. Unless it was an item like the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem which had hidden powers.

But, at that very moment, in such a situation, Klein wasn't in the mood to explore or research a secret that might or might not exist. Plus, most Sealed Artifacts would carry a certain level of danger for the user. So, Klein eliminated the Grade 3 Sealed Artifacts that would weaken the user without affecting the enemy.

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207: Guardian

Dunn sighed.

"I did want to send you away back then since I was going to do something that involves the secrets of the Church and the Nighthawks. But Kenley's death left my mind in chaos. At that moment, all I could think of was a clumsy excuse, thus, giving you the opportunity to witness what I was doing."

"What secret is that?" Klein pressed, now being more at ease.

He had almost forgotten about the threat of the evil god's son, or the existence of a legendary creature outside.

Dunn weighed his words and said, "There might be a law in mysticism. Heh, even though I haven't read many books, I'm still aware of what a law means.

"This law is called 'Law of Beyonder Characteristics Indestructibility.'

"The characteristics of a Beyonder is never destroyed or reduced. It's only passed from one carrier to the next."

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208: Cry

Beep! Beep! Beep! The telegram set up in the Captain's office suddenly came to life, seemingly having received a new telegram.

But Klein and Leonard couldn't be distracted. They were counting the movements of the second hand on the clock as their red eyes welled up with tears.

"10."

"9."

"8."

…

Just then, Dunn Smith carried the silver, bone-like square box into the reception hall with a solemn expression.

Megose, who was pulling out clump after clump of blond hair, tore a wound that was deep enough to show her bones. It was as though she was triggered by something. She suddenly stood and pointed at Dunn Smith in his black trench coat. She shrieked, "You want to kill my child!

"You want to kill my child!"

Boom! The shrill and terrifying voice reverberated. Klein felt like he was being struck in the head with a sledgehammer. He suddenly forgot to count as he had a headache and felt dizzy.

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209: Light

"Waaa!"

The baby in Megose's stomach cried. It squirmed, wanting to come into this world in a bid to help its mother escape from her predicament.

The black, cold, and smooth threads appeared to suffer a shock as they seemed to be suppressed by an invisible power which led to their retreat backward.

"Waaa!"

Dunn and Klein became dizzy at the same time. They felt their throats contract involuntarily as their contracting air passages instantly stifled them.

Crimson liquid flowed from their nostrils, their eyes, and their ears. All of their capillaries seemed to have ruptured.

If it wasn't for the fact that Klein had undergone the torture of hearing the mutterings and ravings every time he headed to the world above the gray fog, as well as Dunn holding onto the ashes of Saint Selena, they definitely would've fainted on the spot, just like Leonard Mitchell.

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210: Story

In a Tingen suburb, there was a house with a green lawn.

The house had a garden that had begun to wither at the beginning of September. Attached to the house was a crimson chimney.

There was a desk next to the window in the bedroom of that house. An ordinary notebook was spread open on the table.

A slightly pale hand flipped the notebook to the very first page, then it quickly flipped to the back.

As the paper flipped, the rows of words appeared faintly.

Regence, a member from the Secret Order, sold the Antigonus family's notebook as an ordinary ancient book by accident due to the influence both of weariness and illusions. It was a coincidence that made logical sense.

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211: Funeral

In the basement of Saint Selena Cathedral, in the guardroom outside Chanis Gate.

Leonard Mitchell was leaning on the back of his chair, his legs were propped up on the table. His eyes were vacant without any focus.

Even though he had been healed using ritualistic magic, he still looked terrible, as if he had obtained reprieve from a severe illness without fully recovering.

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212: Avenger

In the northern part of the Loen Kingdom, the September breeze, that had an additional coldness to it, howled through the cemetery. It was even gloomier and colder than usual.

The cold jolted Klein back to his senses as he muttered with a rueful smile, "It looks like there are still some secrets behind my transmigration…

"But it seems like I'll only be able to resurrect another two times at most, not any more… And if I were to minced up or completely crushed, who knows if this recovery ability that doesn't usually appear would even be useful…"

…

After half a minute, Klein buttoned his suit and realized that he was wearing his newest shirt and tuxedo, but they were now covered in soil and dirt.

…*Benson and Melissa really have no idea how to save money…* The thought popped into his head. He supported his weight on his hand and flipped up into a standing position, realizing that he still had his Clown abilities.

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213: Another Look

So Ince Zangwill has gone to Backlund… I wonder how long he'll stay there… Yes… I should confirm this every now and then… Klein leaned forward as he thought. He erased the contents on the goatskin and wrote a new divination statement:

"Lanevus's current location."

From his point of view, the person that caused the Captain and him to nearly die was undoubtedly Ince Zangwill, but the lunatic Lanevus was definitely an accomplice who cannot shirk from the responsibility. He had to pay the price in blood!

After reciting the statement seven times, Klein once again entered the dream. But the scene that appeared after the foggy world shattered was the same as the one he had seen before!

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